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Pennsylvania Academy asked that it be sent to them to form a section of their spring exhibition—and thus—somewhat against their wishes—was Eakins' masterpiece seen in his native city. Exhibited lately in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a collection of his paintings, this work has been again seen and its place accorded a high rank in the art of our country.

The following year he sent "Wm. Rush Carving His Allegorical Statue of the Schuylkill River." Rush was a very talented carver of figureheads for ships in Philadelphia. His statue of Washington is in Independence Hall; it is seen in the background of the picture. Rush had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was a friend of George Washington and held an honorable position on the Water Works Board of the city; the daughter of one of the Board consented to pose nude for the statue. In the catalogue of the exhibition this painting, and Will Low's picture of the decoration of the graves of the dead in a French cemetery on All Souls' Day, each had some explanatory text below the title. By an error of the printer these texts were transposed and that printed under the Rush painting read: "Following the pious custom of the country," etc., which caused much consternation and amusement to the public!

Eakins then painted "The Agnew Clinic," now owned by the University of Pennsylvania as the "Dr. Gross Clinic" is by Jefferson College. His "Cello Player" is in the collection of the Pennsyl-

vania Academy of Fine Art and the Metropolitan Museum owns his admirable "Chess Players" and one of his sporting scenes. His "Zither Player" is an admirable work. He also painted his father's portrait, lately shown in New York, and many portraits of well-known men.

In no case did Eakins deviate from a truthful rendering of his model as he saw it for the purpose of gaining popular favor. It was fortunate that his father was possessed of some property and Eakins in a way was comfortably placed. His sincerity immediately impresses you at sight of his work, and it is this that gives it a distinctive character and assures for it a permanent value and esteem.

Personally, Eakins impressed one as to character a sincere, unaffected man and a thinker. No one could doubt his being a man of originality and convictions, distinctly apart from the mass of his contemporaries.

His wife was a lady of talent who was a painter in her youth and whose portrait of Professor Schussele was a very notable work. Devoted to her husband's interests, she was an ideal companion to him. For several years before his death he was in a state of health that precluded his doing any painting. But his whole life had been one of untiring industry and he has left us numerous important canvases that will be more and more appreciated in the future. He died in June 1916, lacking one month of completing his 72nd year.

William Sartain

TWO SONNETS

LEONARDO DA VINCI

The strangest man the world has ever known—
A super-mind as restless as the sea—
Oidipous striving with a Mystery—
Nature, the Sphinx, who turns the bold to stone!
He seems as drunken with some violent wine
Which goads him on and on to fathom deeps;
He seeks in dreadful caves to find where sleeps
The Primal Secret—blessed or malign!

Can you not see him with his wild, black eyes
Playing his harp shaped like a horse's skull?
Evoking souls with brush and pigments dull—
The Renaissance's most effulgent prize?
Or at his sciences, vouchsafed to cull
Ideas whose truth his age did not surmise?

EL GRECO

The damp and putrefaction of the tomb
Hover about this wild Toledan's work;
An irresistible sable seems to lurk
About these ebon canvases . . . The bloom
Of poisonous asphodels fresh from the gloom
Of haunted Ennas! Not for him the perk
Of Fra Angelico's cheeks—rather the murk
And ghastly mystery of the Lands of Doom.

The flowers Venetian and the Florentine,
The faint, red blushes and the iris eyes
Wield to these charnel blacks a prior claim,
For in these paintings tenebrous there lies
The Apocalypse which face to face was seen
By this Unknown—who had not even a name.

David Gordon

